

The Short Half-Life of Franklyn Froideveaux, Vampire

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The Short Half-Life of Franklyn Froideveaux, Vampire

by [extremelyperturbed](#)

Summary

In response to this kinkmeme prompt: Franklyn haunts Hannibal hoping to turn Hannibal into the undead. Hannibal 's family were vampire hunters.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The problem with extremely rich and bored men is that they often buy things that are so very bad for them. It can be that Ferrari they think they can handle at top speeds or a boat that they think they can sail around the world or various kinds of drugs they think they won't get addicted to. Franklyn Froideveaux had to go one step further. He bought vampire blood.

Franklyn held the vial of dark thick liquid that was nearly black in his hand.

The person who sold it to him asked, "What exactly do you plan to do with it? It's not often used in potions. If you're trying to turn someone else into a vampire, I can think of much better and much safer curses to inflict on someone. A good old-fashioned face rash or a swarm of bees is much more satisfying."

"I was thinking of becoming one."

The seller promptly slapped Franklyn across the face. "I hunt these filthy things for a living. This isn't 'Twilight,' Franklyn. If you drink this, you turn into a monster. And if I hear you're going around biting people, I'm going to chop your head."

"Want to return my money?"

"No, I need it for some badly needed supplies. But I recommend that you read the old school version of what being a vampire is like then toss the vial into the fire."

"I sometimes fantasize about being a vampire," said Franklyn as he sat across from his psychiatrist.

Hannibal stared at him as if he had just confessed to fantasizing about being eaten by sharks while having angry black widow spiders crawl all over his scalp, biting him. "Why?"

"They're strong, seductive and immortal. They can shape shift and fly."

"They're vermin, Franklyn," said Hannibal. "Fit only for the blade or a roaring bonfire."

"What do you hate about them? It's only fantasy, after all?"

"They're undead parasites. Animated corpses . . ."

"Animated corpses that people think are sexy . . ."

"Sunlight is very bad for vampires. I would also point out that churches and other people's houses would be off limits especially after they find out what you are. And if you feel lonely now, you will feel even more lonely once you have taken victims to fill an unquenchable blood lust and they come for you with pitchforks and flaming torches. Also you would not make a very sexy vampire."

Franklyn pouted. "The sexiness wouldn't matter if I could have thralls and vampire brides like Dracula."

“Have you taken any steps towards fulfilling this fantasy? I would like to remind you that psychiatrists have a duty to protect any intended victim that you plan to kill or assault.”

“No, no, no, no. I’m not planning on anything like that.”

After the session, Franklyn felt chastised then angry. How dare he say I would not be a sexy vampire! Franklyn drank the vial that night. It tasted salty and metal and weirdly dark but he felt no change. He wept because he had spent thousands of dollars on it.

It was only after his neck was twisted, he died and awoke in his coffin that he realized he hadn’t been ripped off. Hurrah, he thought before succumbing to terror. After screaming because he was claustrophobic, he finally got it together enough to break the lid of coffin and basically dig like a mole through six feet of packed dirt, which is really a lot harder than the movie Kill Bill would lead you to believe.

Luckily, it was night or his half-life as a vampire would’ve been extremely short. Unfortunately, he was thirsty like someone running a super marathon through Death Valley thirsty. My first victim will be Hannibal Lecter, he thought. I shall make you my thrall.

He found that one part of vampire lore was true. He found that he could run quickly and tirelessly from his cemetery plot to Hannibal’s house. Unfortunately for him, he found another piece of vampire lore was also true. He tried to break and enter but found that there was a compulsion that kept him from doing so. All he could do was bang on the door and windows to attract his former psychiatrist’s attention. Like the creeper he was, he went to the backyard and saw that his psychiatrist was playing the theremin. He hissed to get Hannibal’s attention. Hannibal turned away from the machine and widened his eyes at seeing him. Instead of screaming in terror or praising God for his resurrection, Hannibal walked out of the room and came back, wearing a strange plastic suit that deeply puzzled Franklyn. Of course, thought Franklyn, I’m dirty and he wants to keep clean.

Hannibal also brought out a large decanter of clear liquid and poured two glasses out.

Franklyn tried to hypnotize Hannibal into opening the door to him. “Open the door and be my Mina Harker,” said Franklyn.

Hannibal picked up the two glasses, walked to the back door, opened the door and held one out to Franklyn. Franklyn took it and knocked it back, only to yell because it felt like Hannibal had given him acid. His pain was increased when Hannibal threw the contents of the other glass into his face. Oh, shit, Franklyn thought, This was worse than the time Mrs. Komeda had maced him. Franklyn howled in agony.

“You may come in now,” said Hannibal.

Enraged, Franklyn rushed towards the man only to feel the bite of a holy water dipped katana for the fraction of the second it took to decapitate him.

Hannibal scowled at the remains of his former patient. I'm going to be up all night cleaning the carpet and I don't even get a proper roast out of it.

The End

End Notes

Not specifically stated in the story but in this verse, Uncle Robert & Aunt Murasaki were both heirs of vampire hunting traditions and that's how Hannibal knows how to deal with vampires.

The powers and downsides of being a vampire sticks to the European version. Sunlight is lethal, crosses can hurt, beheading & stuffing your head with garlic is good, you have to be invited in or you're stuck aside, etc.

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